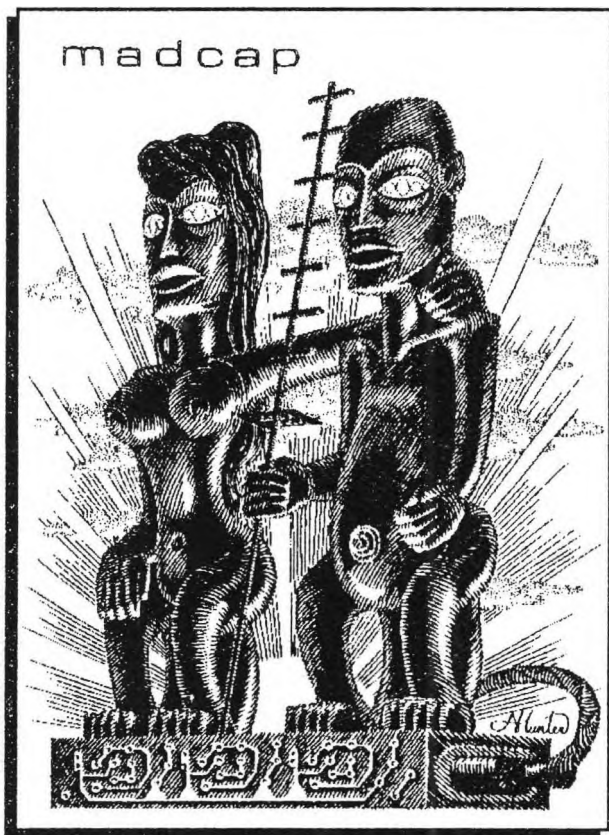


IN SPACE'S BELLY



**POETRY IN UK SFANZINES
& LITTLE MAGAZINES
THE 1970s**

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Dedicated to A. Vincent Clarke

by kind permission of his daughter

As John Brunner so wisely said, "the short-term projects turn out to be long". When the process of gathering together the evidence of use of poetry in British and American Sfzines and genre little magazines began in the 80's, I would have greeted with disbelief any suggestion that it would be the last year of the millennium before the end was in sight.

This present book does in fact bring the series to a close, at least in terms of instalments of any real scope. (Slim supplements to the existing publications covering the American side are intended, and possibly some sort of outline summary to cover the remaining gap, the UK in the '90s, although the sheer volume of poetry in the genre litters in this decade has been so great – while Sfzine usage has been less than minimal – as to make a detailed overview seem unrealistic).

Right up to the month of his death last year, A. Vincent (Vinø) Clarke continued an unstintingly generous source of encouragement and practical help with the project. Indeed, it is certainly no exaggeration to say that it would have been impossible without his enormous degree of assistance.

The dedication above should be considered, therefore, as standing, in effect, for a dedication of the entire series to his memory.

— Steve Sneyd

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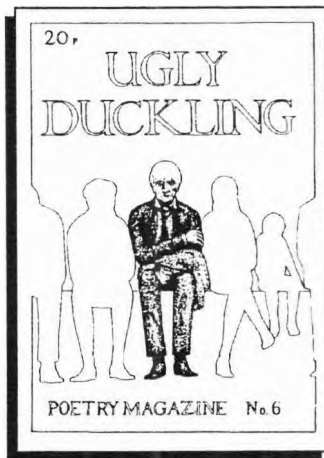
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RETURN OF THE RHYME BANDITS

*"looklook there there are things
big steel grey boxes floating
grinding on the beach,
and little brown maggots are
squirting out of the ends."*



With those words, poetry returned to fanzines after an effective absence of nearly two decades¹, and already it is clear that a much harsher note is struck than in the mainly mellifluous verse of earlier years. It is also curiously appropriate that the author of this first evidence of resurrection was Greg Pickersgill, whose influence in fandom was subsequently to be so great.

The date was August 1968, the fanzine edited by John Hall and simply called ZINE. As well as Pickersgill's "Amazing Raid Day", drawing on imagery of the Vietnam war, the first issue also included another Pickersgill poem, the paranoiac-sounding "THEY ARE AFTER ME", printed entirely in capital letters, plus a gibberish verse by "The Knight Errant", "XXX""", which reads like a nightmare brought on by crossing the more bizarrely named aliens of pulp sf with a batch of Monster Raving Loony Party candidates.

Poetry was back, its first renewed manifestation defiantly "unconventional" and it wasn't going to go away again easily. In fandom, the response was to be mixed throughout the decade, a situation well-summed up in the mid-70s by Paul Hudson in *GLIMPSE*: "Poetry is very controversial with fans – some thrive but others will not even bother to read it, good or bad."

The story of poetry in fanzines of the succeeding decade is, to quote the Grateful Dead, "a long strange trip". For the first time, poets from fandom found their offerings jostled by the invasion of writers from the "mainstream" small press; at first those like Andrew Darlington, who were already drawing on sf themes in their work, later by poets with no sf connections, simply eager for new outlets. For the first time, too, there were foreshadowings of a new phenomenon, the sf small press, though at first it appeared mainly as an afterglow of *NEW WORLDS*. Science Fiction, too, found strange new "allies" in the alternative or counter-culture and the rock music world, influences inevitably feeding back into fanzines.

This reappearance of sf poetry also rapidly showed a huge quantitative difference to add to the stylistic and content changes. In the '40s or 50s, so little poetry

appeared in fanzines that it was possible for an article like this to remark on every single poem, or nearly so. In the '70s, the trickle of material becomes a flood, and this "order of magnitude" change means that it is possible to specifically deal with only a cross-section, weighted towards the work most relevant to the three genres, science fiction, fantasy and horror (since another new phenomenon was the growth of "fringe fanzines" in the latter two fields).

Time, now, to plunge into the overall history of poetry in the fanzines of the period, before focusing a little more closely on the two I consider most significant for a view of poetry's place in the time: *ZIMRI* and *UGLY DUCKLING*.

Audrey Walton's Coventry-based *WADEZINE* seems to have used poetry from soon after its debut in 1968. Run in tandem with her fictionzine, *FREE ORBIT*, it lasted until 1972; two of the late issues, #8 and #9, both appeared in that year and give a good indication of the poetry content.

WADEZINE #8, which mentions the previous issue contained two Rosemary Pardee poems (one entitled "Fantasy"), contains non-fictional pieces by, among others, "Ordree" herself. Ian Williams' two long items are illuminated by his comment that "They aren't really poems and they aren't quite prose ... a form in which I want to say something in as few words as possible". Among Thom Penman's three, "Close Porton Down?" is a chemical warfare poem, whilst Ritchie Smith's "Moontears: The Brooding Night" and Swede Kjell Borgstrom's "This is Urlurult (Kingdom of Death)" are final² (to coin a term analogous to sfnal, for fantasy verse).

Poetry content is minimal in *WADEZINE* #9, consisting solely of another intriguing Borgstrom piece of historical fantasy, "Teja of Vesuvius", part poem, part prose: "he who cannot himself fight but / can guide, guide so well that all / strongholds are falling down".

In the letters column, D West says "Poetry ... I write the stuff myself, but don't like even that very much", James Goddard of *CYPHER* "recognize(s) the existence ... of poetry zines", and Lisa Conesa responds to "Moontears" in curiously medical terms, commenting that it "soothed my nerves a treat".

The most interesting feature, however, is the editorial, perhaps a response to a Penman attack in *WADEZINE* #8 on "this literary Da-da-ism" in *NEW WORLDS*. Speaking of language generally, Walton thoughtfully explores the way "cybernetics or general systems theory" et cetera demand of the writer a new use of language capable of dealing with the non-linguistic phenomena involved in transformations in time. If I may so summarise a complex argument, which she gives relevance here by propounding the analogy of "learning a painting as you do a poem". At the start of the decade, *WADEZINE* was almost alone among fanzines in using poetry (and its editor, via her contact with the NFFF Manuscript Bureau, introduced some of "her" writers to American fanzines).

However, around 1970 there are other appearances of poetry: work by Ian Williams in very early issues of *MAYA*, and, also from the North-East, pieces by editor Dave Cockfield and Darlington in *ATROPOS*. Though hardly a conventional fanzine, *STING* called itself "amateur sf" and exchanged copies with other fanzines. Editors Jane E Hales and Ray Denton achieved two remarkable coups in its third

issue: an sfnal poem by non-sf pro writer Alexis Lykiard, and a striking concrete poem, "EARTH – Microcosmic Breakdown" by Peter Finch, a "counter-culture" guru of the time³. This poem, on the theme of sub-atomic particles (reviewed by *WADEZINE* as an "experimental story"), illustrates vividly the curious overlaps occurring at a time when genre boundaries were breaking down.

The links then established between rock music, "the alternative culture", and sf, are clearly shown, incidentally, by *SNIFFING FLOWERS*, a hippyish publication from Romford non-fannish enough to use the term "sci fi", yet which included sfnal poems by editors Edgar and Steve Broughton. Sfnal work appeared, too, in the Manchester-based *ALBION*; edited by Dave Kaye, this mystical/Age of Aquarius publication was also notable for carrying, in at least six instalments, an immense fantasy poem by alternative figure David Stringer entitled "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell". Also in "fringe" areas, 1970 saw the first *CRUCIFIED TOAD*, again from Manchester, art-edited by Dave Britton (much later to team up with Michael Butterworth on Savoy Books). This, like its successor, *BOGNOR REGIS - THE ULTIMATE HORROR*, used poetry, as did David Sutton (now co-editor of *FANTASY TALES* with Stephen Jones)⁴ in his Birmingham-based fantasy/horror zine *SHADOW*, founded that same year.

1971 saw two more publications from Manchester, Michael Butterworth's *CORRIDOR* and, in July, the first *ZIMRI*. The former was not a fanzine, rather an attempt to continue the *NEW WORLDS* ethos; it used poetry through much of its life, mostly nonsfnal work by "mainstream small press" poets, although *CORRIDOR #1* did include work by the American sf author Tom Disch, perhaps inherited from *NEW WORLDS*.

December saw the launch of *MACROCOSM*. Though a for-sale publication of prose and poetry, not a fanzine, Robert Holdstock's magazine is highly relevant because it was the first to publish the poetry of Lisa Conesa, as well as influencing *ZIMRI* both in general content terms and in the latter's use of experimental "prose poems" by Holdstock.

In *MACROCOSM #1*, the Conesa poems are more surreal than sfnal, though lines like "Hiroshima taken alive to Heaven / The sky flows in the delight of rockets" ("Extract From Genesis") and "Time – like a snake – wound itself up / into a tight ball" ("Passing") reflect her sf roots.

In the second issue (in which a letter from Dave Sutton compared Conesa with Clark Ashton Smith), she returned with poems including an extraordinary long fnal piece about dead soldiers. Extracts can do little justice, but lines like "they say shattered rocks vibrate / with golden eagles and silver lions / ...white bones cool into a huge silence / and the Earth / bites its lips" hint at the flavour. There is also a non-sf Alastair Noyle work.

The third and final issue appeared in the summer of 1972, by which time *MACROCOSM* was "duplicated at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine" and called itself Britain's "only magazine of speculative fiction". It featured poems by Conesa, Eric James and Franklyn G Johnson, plus the editor, whose lengthy "See, Bird" is the only one with genre content (indeed, elements of science

fiction, fantasy and horror can all be found within it), as well as haunting images. For example; "If I peck at the eyes that watch / Perhaps I'll see the sights those sightless swollen eyes have seen" and "...the megavessel is a slow / descending spark of sun-bright / silvered steel / with whitehaze ghosts / and blackened souls racing, pacing through the gang- / ways".

1972 was generally a busy year for poetry in fanzines, although little was directly sfnal, with the clear exception of the work in A J Davey's new Leeds-based fanzine *AMSEPH*. As well as "song fragments" embedded in E Nelman's story, this first (and last) issue included S Barker's poem "Biogenesis", themed round restructuring men for new environments ("a mutated sperm whale skimming through the methane seas of Jupiter"), and Thom Penman's "Night Midness" (sic; "Star star ships / ... / Speaking of stars / ... / Their eyes have often passed through gods").

ARC, edited in Wakefield by BSFA member Andrew Northern, used poetry, whilst Fred Hemming's Slough-based *VIEWPOINT* included a powerful "post-nuclear" piece by Dennis Ault, "A Sense of Loss" ("A farm that brings forth monsters / There will be some who will be happy / The dumb who will now know that all words were worthless / The deaf who will not know the spheres untuned").

It was also in 1972 that poetry made its first appearance in Pete Presford's *MADCAP*, the beginning of his unwavering policy of publishing verse which would persist through a series of fanzines, later including *BARDDONI*, founded in 1976 specifically as a poetry fanzine, and *SONGS*, indisputably making Presford the longest-established publisher of poetry in UK fandom. Initially based in Stockport and later in Buckley, North Wales, his publishing commitment has run alongside a search for accessible work and a realistic view of his readership, which perhaps helps explain the longevity of his Malfunction Press⁵. His viewpoint is typically expressed in a letter of comment sent to *UD4*: "I have found that even the poetry freaks I send (*MADCAP*) to don't like too much of a good thing". Balancing this is his editorial in *MALFUNCTION 4*: "A lot of fans knock the poetry, art, short story side of fhandon, but if they opened their eyes they would see that zines publishing this kind of gear are now beginning to outweigh the fhannish zines." (From the beginning, incidentally, little of the poetry he published was particularly sfnal, and what there was tended to be humorous – limericks, etc – whilst an increasing percentage of his chosen authors came from outside fandom.)

That same year, Lisa Conesa founded another fanzine, the fantasy-oriented *ISEULT*. A variety of poets appeared in early issues; Alan Burns (a rhymed piece, "Calculus", in issue two; he would later take over as editor), Conesa herself, Darlington, Penman and Ritchie Smith, as well as a rare "pome" by veteran sf fan Archie Mercer, "Knit Yourself A Cat For Xristmas" ("to be sung to the tune of Beethoven's Ninth"). *ISEULT* #2's letter-column included Ian Williams' challenging remark "I find it pretty unlikely that a 22ndC starship would be named after a 20thC poet", while the first Burns issue a year later was notable for an editorial attacking its own poetry content, previously selected by Lisa, whilst including some Terry Jeeves "pomes" as a guide to what he sought for the future.

On the fringes, Birmingham's fantasy/comics zine, *THE UNICORN*, included

a surreal piece by mainstream "name" Bruton Connors. Perhaps chosen by editors Mike Higgs and Phil Clarke for its title, "Unicorn" begins in uncompromising style: "bitter tarn water in the goatbeard / unriden he rides from such toilet".

The Arthurian/mystical zine *TORC*, from Bridgewater and later Glastonbury, consistently used fantasy verse, some with sfnal elements, whilst, although far removed from fanzine status, *FOUNDATION* (launched in 1972) began a policy of using poetry on occasion. Founding editor George Hay's attitude to the medium is clear: "I used some of mine the first issue; this was not vanity, but the fact that / *had to have some sf verse*" (my emphasis).

During 1973-74, most poetry publishing activity centred around *ZIMRI*, its success in tying for 1974's Nova Award with *BIG SCAB* providing evidence that using poetry was at least not fatal to winning fan votes!

1975's notable newcomer was *UGLY DUCKLING*, although Geoff Rippington's *TITAN*, from Canterbury, included a "Poet's Corner", using such pieces as L.A.G.'s elegiac "Space Opera": "...I wish I was only / ten, with joy and / uncontrollable grief / still to come... / As the Transparent Heroes / turn round..." Later issues were to use poems by Keith Richmond, Brian Ridsdale and others, and the editor was to announce two years later, "that he was commissioning Alan Hunter artwork for a major "Does sf need poetry ?" special – instead of which, he closed the fanzine down and "relaunched" as the powerful reviewzine *ARENA*.

Rochester's *ALPHA* introduced poetry in number eight with two David McKinlay pieces, "The Surrealist" and "Whispers of Creation", whilst Darryl Bird wrote in his editorial: "Do you consider yourself a poet, if so... send something in, I request, nay demand response."

NEBULA, founded that same year by Dave Taylor, in Upton by Chester, used some poetry from the start, including Darlington's work, though it was predominantly a for-sale fiction magazine and as such was never accepted by fandom, one reason for its short life. Another for-sale ficzine, John Martin's sword and sorcery-themed *ANDURIL* from Skelmersdale, also used poetry, including such major names as Gordon Larkin and Amos (now Jessica Amanda) Salmonson from the USA. Still on the fringe, Hartley Patterson's wargaming fanzine, *NEWS FROM BREE*, was based in High Wycombe and used a handful of poems, including Stephen Lines' rhymed "Warchief" in issue 14. Prolific fantasy fanzine editors Stuart and Rosie Clarke of Liverpool, while having to announce a curtailment of poetry in the Tolkien Society's *AMON HEN #16* "due to members' dislike", made up for it in their own *EGLADIL*, including poetry in a number of issues. A striking example appears in issue five, as J R Christopher makes a gallant attempt to summarise the plot of C S Lewis' space travel trilogy in four-line rhyming stanzas, whilst in *EGLADIL*'s 1976 stablemate *ERELAS*, the Clarkes included a very atmospheric fantasy poem by Andrew Darlington, "Watercourse"; "Hollowed from grey shale by the horses' hooves of centuries / ...south of shifting spires... / A night-pool spindle-limbed..."

Graham Saunders supplied arguably the quote of the year in *GLIMPSE*, with the plaintive cry of a character in his story "A Touch of Frankenstein": "Since when

was a poet a criminal?" Perhaps he was responding to some of the controversy aroused in parts of fandom by the use of verse in fanzines!

NOTES

1. Although I was unaware of this at the time, there was a certain amount of Sfzine poetry in the '60s, including Brian Stableford's first published work (see *Related Titles*).
2. There were some objections to this term, as an illogical abbreviation of 'fantastical'. However, it does have the advantage of easy comprehensibility.
3. Peter Finch remains active as a poet, an arts administrator, and commentator on the literature scene.
4. *Fantasy Tales* has been defunct for some years. However, its former co-editors continue to edit commercial horror anthologies.
5. Although Malfunction Press no longer publishes Sfzines using poetry, it continues to produce occasional poetry collections and theme anthologies.

THE RHYME BANDITS / LAST STAND

In 1976, several newcomers to the British fanzine field used poetry. *PROCYON*, edited by John G Collick from Bishop Monkton, and Leeds-based Paul A Ryan's *ORION EXPRESS* (later *O'RYAN*) both included work by their respective editors, while *IMPULSE*, edited by Paul Day in Harwich, featured a Peter Presford portfolio in issue one, including the universal "Forever" ("I see /My Immortality / In my children / But my death / In my brother") and the fine *SOW* piece "Infant" ("The silver moved / Sleek in crushed darkness / dourly to far destinations / Smile at this ant said the stars, / Cradle me in the sun said Man"), as well as works by Mandy Ward.

A significant revival after seven years was *RELATIVITY*, with editor Bryn Fortey establishing for this Newport fanzine a policy of using poetry which was to persist into the '80s, though by then it was renamed *NEW GWENT REVIEW*; work by Lisa Conesa appeared in a number of issues, other regulars including Fortey himself, John Nielsen Hall, and Andrew Darlington. Issue seven, published the following year, featured a "poetry supplement" of Fortey's works, amongst them the short, rhymed "Science Fiction Tragedy" of an astronaut's death, plus the unusual black-comedy filk "Life Forms" ("Rockets coming from the stars / carry slimy sacs of pus / This year skins will be reversed / Let all tender flesh face out").

In 1979, he followed this with a free-standing poetry anthology, its title a reflection of his serene editorial approach, "I KNOW WHAT I LIKE", contributors including Conesa, Darlington, et al, but with minimal sfnal content; as a curious footnote, one letter of comment from Ritchie Smith described Lisa's gentle, thoughtful work as "full of sass, spunk, and vinegarish cynicism" !

On the fringes, both the new *COMICS PLUS* and Dorking-based fantasy fanzine *GREYFALCON*, edited by Ric Lucas and Nigel Smith, used verse. Meanwhile,

XYLAC, from Sandiacre in Nottinghamshire, though predominantly horror-orientated, included in issue two sfnal pieces by McKinlay, "Phoenix" and "Reversal" ("the exploding star / that brought life / but now brings death").

Editor Pete Knifton's own "The Vampyr" was lively if conventional, whilst the lush Knifton/Sloane collaboration "Timelaw", features irresistibly quotable lines ("the rotted forest laughed and cast its / ruinous tendrils forth in disgusting / ballets of vampiric lampreys / to caress Solak's shoulders").

In more serious vein, 1977 newcomer *GANYMEDE* included one of the more notable sf poems in any fanzine that decade, the moody "Lens of Fluidity" by Raj Rattan. Quoting cannot really give the flavour of this 30-line work, but can at least display its theme: "Asleep apparently in this earth-filled suspension / It reflects its journey from the fifth dimension."

Also making its debut that year, *KIPPLE* featured poetry under the gnomic section heading "Inguinal Mutterings"; issue one had two uncredited pieces, presumably by David Wingrove, this London fanzine's editor, whilst the second (also 1977) included Darlington, Sarah Lawrence, Cyril Simsa and a rare appearance in British fanzines by major American sf poet Robert Frazier, one of the founders of the Science Fiction Poetry Association, and editor of the sf/fantasy/horror poetry magazine *T.A.S.P.*

The final edition of the fiction fanzine *NEBULA* carried M O Loney's poem "A Quiet", with its sfnal payoff ("The Klieban equations had sent men to the stars, / And few cared to remain"), whilst the Norwich SF Society's *SFEAR* broke its no-poetry policy to publish in issue two Patricia A Fanthorpe's parody of Wordsworth's "Daffodils" warning against nuclear pollution of lakeland.

Fringe sfnal newcomers *STORMBRINGER*, based in Leeds, and *GELATINE*, based in High Wycombe, carried poetry by their respective editors, Simon Husk ("Eric") and William Park, the latter using other poets in subsequent issues, though without genre content. Ian Garbutt's *A FOR ANTARES*, meanwhile, opted for a horror poem by Michael A Kelly, "Stagnant Blood".

The year's notable casualty was *UGLY DUCKLING*, while, across "the big pond", *CHTHULU CALLS* demanded a poetry category in the Hugo Awards. In response, the SFPA founded its own Rhysling poetry awards, now published in the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America's annual Nebula Awards anthology.

It's interesting that it is necessary to look to the States for such a news item, evidence of a much more developed genre poetry consciousness. In Britain, a decade that had opened with a notable role for sf poetry in *NEW WORLDS*, and in major anthologies still a recent memory, ended in the fanzine world with poetry in retreat to a handful of outposts, its tide turned to the ebb. The 1980s were to bring a resurgence, mainly in the pages of a newly-strong form of publication, the genre small press, but as the 1970s darkened into Thatcherism, it is time to turn in more detail to those two redoubtable vehicles of fanzine poetry publishing, *ZIMRI* and *UGLY DUCKLING*.

At various times *ZIMRI* had Philip Muldowney, Andrew M Stephenson and Harry Turner as co-editors, but other than the last's visual transformation of the title, it must be seen as Lisa Conesa's "baby" throughout its five-year life.

Poetry was included from the beginning, though in issues one (short A Truman pieces) and two (three Ritchie Smith shorts) very little. In issue three, Peter Linnett cried "No more fan poems", but Lisa instead followed the advice of Thom Penman, "poetry and lots of it", including work by herself, John Alan Glynn, Alan Coker, and "I've got a nostril sticking up my nose", a "pome" by Archie Mercer, though only Kevin Hall's lengthy "Lady of the Morning" has even vague genre feeling. In issue four, as well as an untitled Paul Skelton piece (reprinted in *ZIMRI* #4½ to correct an error), she also included John N Hall's long semi-narrative poem of an alternative universe revolution, "When You Hear The Thunder On The Horizon Get You Over To Aldgate East" and her own "Oratorio", with strong sfnal elements ("with gestures of a dancer / circles a spaceship / and a child's voice is asking / where to where to").

ZIMRI #4½ included two pieces by Hall, his "Valentine Poem (somewhat disjointed)" including genre imagery ("I'm running through great galactic spiral arms for you / Calling and calling so the whole galaxy can hear"). Lisa contributed the surreal "Historia de un Amor" and "Shell", whilst Ian Williams' lengthy "Reflections of a Depression" interestingly says: "It is nearly two years since I last wrote a poem. Have I remained unmoved for that long?". Williams also attacks "the general inept poetry of fans. They are so full of high sounding phrases, empty images and trite clichés of obvious emotions."

Although *ZIMRI* lasted till its eighth issue, its fifth must be seen as the high-water mark in poetry terms, indeed, it was the most notable single issue of any fanzine in a poetry context that decade.

For starters, Lisa had achieved a remarkable publishing coup in persuading Brian Aldiss, who had first put her in contact with fandom in the late 1960s by introducing her to the British Science Fiction Association, to let *ZIMRI* publish his poem sequence "Homage To The Early Pound", the first half of which appeared in that issue; although not strictly sfnal, they are remarkable in their combination of originality and Poundian spirit. Poems by John Hall and Lisa also appear, as well as Andy Darlington's powerful horror poem "The Grey Elegy", with its Audenesque introduction, "Look, stranger on this island once more".

Moreover, inspired by a remark in a letter of comment from Jim England ("I wonder why so few people comment on the poems in *ZIMRI* ? Perhaps because, like me, they don't understand most of them") and the confusion reflected in other letters as to whether Ian Williams' piece in the previous issue was poetry or prose, (as well as the fact that it attracted more comment without the label of poetry!), Lisa included a four-page article explaining her views on, and approach to, "Modern Poetry".

Entitled "dialog", and incorporating a poem specially written to illustrate and clarify her points, the article is a coherent and relatively accessible whole from which it is difficult to extract. However, even wrenched from context, a few quotes will

indicate the serious approach, the kind of in-depth exploration relatively common in the States (certainly by the end of that decade) but which was extremely rare in UK fanzines. Indeed, with the fragmentary exception of the debates in *UGLY DUCKLING*'s letter-supplement somewhat later, an isolated *WADEZINE* editorial much earlier, and – at a fairly superficial level – an article of mine in *MALFUNCTION* #10 on the uses and abuses of rhyme, it stands in splendid isolation.

Referring back to the futurists and dadaists, Lisa points to the way, when "the subconscious was discovered, [...] it demanded different, peculiar to itself, modes of expression". She then goes on to discuss the concept that "it is not the word but the *between-word* which is important" (her emphasis), saying that as a result "We find ourselves in a world of metaphorical meaning which does not lend itself to verification on everyday level. The metaphor seems to be suspended in mid air, without terminal comparisons". She then analyses in depth the structural effects this implies for the making of the poem, instancing in detail "the use of metaphor which has no literal sense, at the same time it *is* firmly anchored to a clear point". Other aspects highlighted include the way the poem needs to be "aware of graphic space as its structural agent", before raising the question – still a subject of debate among American speculative poets today⁶ – of "whether the road of poetical dialog will lead us to a complete separation from the language used in prose".

Having raised such matters so thoughtfully, Lisa was perhaps disheartened by the lack of meaningful response in later issues, though family matters also caused her publishing activities to begin to dwindle away. However, one notable *ZIMRI* spinoff demands mention: not a fanzine but the special anthology she edited for the Poetry Soirée Lisa hosted at Novacon 4 Tynescon in 1974, with guest poets including Aldiss himself. As well as the second half of Aldiss' "Homage" sequence, *THE PURPLE HOURS* included work by a variety of other poets, with strongly sfnal pieces from pros John Brunner and Michael Moorcock, as well as Hawkwind's chief lyricist, Robert Calvert.

Throughout its life, *ZIMRI* was a genzine, with many other items besides poetry. *UGLY DUCKLING*, on the other hand, proclaimed itself a "poetry fanzine" from the beginning. Editor Keith Richmond announced in the first issue (July 1975) that he wanted "a whole range of topics from Tolkien through general sf to philosophy" (he had entered fandom via the Tolkien Society, issue six's editorial revealed, and after fanzines were mentioned in *SF MONTHLY* "I decided to produce my own zine, which would provide a resting place between two loves, fantasy and poems"). However, Richmond emphasised from the start that he would not "print just fantasy poetry as I feel that most fantasy verse is too shallow".

Of the poems in the first issue, Steven Parker's "Everlasting Anthem of the Wandering Space Families" is sfnal in title but not in content, whilst other works by Conesa, Darlington, McKinlay, Richmond himself and Seraphim Theophan (the "monkly" pseudonym of Steve Porter) are non-genre. Letters of comment in the following edition responded to Richmond's comments about fantasy poetry, Donella Ellis appealing for poetry that escapes from "the smallness and meanness of our human lives" and Linda Ward remarking intriguingly that "Poets find it easier to write about things we have never seen, ie. fantasy poetry".

The poetry in the second and third issues does include some genre-related work; Linda Ward's "Future Hiroshima", Nigel Smith's pieces, McKinlay's "Games and Changes" ("the stars like marbles being mixed together") and Steven J Parker's "Epitaph for an Archaeologist" ("green-tousled dragons flapping their heads"). Most of the work, however, whether by fans like Bryn Forley or Hawkwind expert Brian R Tawn, or by a number of "mainstream" small press poets Richmond had invited to submit work (including well-known names like George Cairncross, Max Noiprox and Dave Ward), has no genre content, a pattern which persisted, the only even vaguely genre item in issue four, the last in A4 format, being George A Moore's "Great Pyramid", a poem in pyramid shape.

Comments in the growing "Oil Slick" lettercolumn tended to strike a plaintive note. Stephen Lines opined that "surely not all poems have to have deep sociological significance", whilst Theophan thought "It may be hard to keep *UD* within the limits of fandom" and Tawn stated "I do think it is up to the poet to learn to speak in a language I can understand."

Such doubts were as nothing compared with the view expressed in an editorial reprinted from *ERG* with Terry Jeeves' permission. Here, the latter's oft-stated anti-poetry sentiments⁷ are escalated into a call for action against it (in itself a back-handed compliment, or at least recognition of the extent to which poetry had now become a feature of the fanzine scene). "If YOU dislike this rubbish which creeps like dry rot through the fanzine world, say so [...] It may discourage much of the stuff". Earlier in the editorial, this "stuff" was described as requiring "little or no skill to produce, says virtually nothing (usually at great length) and evokes in me no sense of emotion, rhythm, or indeed any of the other things which good poetry is supposed to do".

As was to be expected, these comments triggered considerable response. It is worth saying, though, that there would be little point in resurrecting the dust of this long-ago battle for its own sake; it is the catalytic effect on the "ongoing debate" within the pages of "Oil Slick", by now a separate supplement, which is of interest.

From issue five, *UGLY DUCKLING* had become an A5 litho publication, definitely "small press" in its appearance rather than fanzine, except for a persistence of some fantasy-type illustrations. Indeed, both *WARK*'s reviewer and Keith Richmond himself believed that *UGLY DUCKLING* had by now left fandom: in fact, the editor claimed that this had already happened with the preceding issue.

Logically, therefore, this should mark the end of this article's concern with *UGLY DUCKLING*. That it does not is due to two factors; the interest of the debate which arose out of "the Jeeves affair", and the continuing presence in later issues both of some poets from fandom, and of some genre work. It might even be argued that the very last issues before Richmond closed *UGLY DUCKLING* on his departure to Oxford, seven and eight, contained some of the most genre-related work of any.

In *UGLY DUCKLING 5*, the only work with any sfnal feel is Sonya Jay Porter's "Who Keeps The Measure" ("in a universe which is but a raindrop?"). Among those replying to the *ERG* comments, of whom there were many, Rupert Mallin is of

interest for recalling Pound's three principles of 1912, an overdue reminder of how old so-called "Modern Poetry" now is as a technique. Issue six brought Jeeves' reply to his critics, striking one conciliatory note by saying "It is my loss. I cannot help disliking poetry, but my life is the poorer for it."

Other contributors to the debate included Rosemary Pardoe ("I enjoy poetry which is a sort of crystallised prose; ie. saying in a few words what would take ten times as long in prose") and, most remarkably, Merritt Clifton, then, though only 23, a major literary gadfly of the American small press, his magazine *SAMISDAT* being respected and feared in almost equal measure for its trenchant comment. He gave a magisterial rebuke: "Neither Terry Jeeves nor his opponents are either as eloquent or informed as the *original* free verse advocates" (my emphasis). This is the only instance I know where a publication originating in fandom drew this kind of attention from a major small press "mainstream" figure, a testimony to the impact *UGLY DUCKLING* achieved within a short lifetime.

Of the issue's poetry, "Delta at Doom" by Malcolm E. Wright (editor of *SOL*, a "mainstream" small press magazine with sf/fantasy tendencies)³ is sfnal, while Dave Slater's "Pieta Love" is horror ("and from the place where only / drakes and demons go there pours a / softwhite mist; a frozen brew of flesh and bones, a fog of distant torment").

Michael Butterworth's guest editorial in *UGLY DUCKLING* #7, "The Ugly Guest", adds an implied footnote to the debate: "the basic discomfort and distress that Innovation and Truth often bring to our biological systems". Butterworth also contributed a two-page poem, "SPACE RADIO Last Ever Broadcast", from an idea by Jeff J Jones, his co-editor on *CORRIDOR*'s then current successor, *WORDWORKS*, which is somewhat sfnal, as was my own "gates of Mars".

In the final issue, Richmond says farewell: "*UGLY DUCKLING* has been a river of many minds". The poems include Dave Slater's sfnal "Metamorphosis" (one line would perhaps well express the reactions of some to certain of the poems in that magazine and in the decade's fanzines generally: "- laughing madmen / running amok in alien landscapes"), horror is present in Andy West's "Scrying" with its bowl of readable blood, Raj Rattan's "Ghostly Image" and Peter Mortimer's "Intruder", whilst the most truly fnal poem in any *UGLY DUCKLING* is also to be found. "The Alchemist (for June Kemp)", a long piece by someone whose handwritten byline is illegible, breathes the essence of thoughtful "realistic fantasy": "hoofbeats, distant, dull as the sea, / heavy as a dragon's breathing".

That issue's "Oil Slick" provides three comments which between them illuminate the aspirations and stresses that tore at fanzine poetry throughout the decade, and thus offer a fitting point to leave its story. George A Moore's remark that "I am convinced that we should not be merely writing for an audience, but to expand our own consciousness". Canadian Barry Chamish's heartfelt "When I say reading poetry is a greater art than writing it, I mean it". And lastly, Rupert Mallin, quoting Eric Mottram in *POETRY REVIEW*: "Poetry is not recognition patterns within a spectator-consumer society, but, rather, language which activates imagination and surprises the reader into new abilities".

NOTES

6. Since these words were written, serious debate about the nature and directions/possibilities of genre poetry seems also to have effectively petered out in the USA.
7. The earliest objection by Terry Jeeves to poetry in fanzines I have traced dates back to 1955, (loc in *Now & Then*), although there may well be earlier instances. However, *UD* readers, unaware of this "backstory", reacted to what was seen as a freshly-minted attack specifically aimed at their work.
8. *SOL* continues to appear. *SOL* publications are also producing an SF poetry anthology, *Dreamers On The Sea Of Fate*, which i.a. contains some of the poems discussed here.

* * * * *

Acknowledgements: In addition to my own collection of fanzine material and correspondence files, I am deeply indebted to many people, most particularly the late A Vincent Clarke, Andrew Darlington, Greg Pickersgill and Harry Turner, for invaluable information.

Naturally, the responsibility for any errors is my own. In that respect, two points need to be made: that, where fanzines are undated, I have relied on reviews elsewhere, etc, a method of dating prone to conceal time-lag; and also that, while I have made every effort to be objective, the reader should be aware of my own involvement as a poet through this period, and duly apply a grain of salt to all expressions of opinion rather than fact.

— *Steve Sneyd*

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ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY

BLACK HOLE - edited by Alan Dorey, this Leeds University (Union SF Society publication) used poetry in the 70s.

BALTHUS - edited by Jon Harvey, Cardiff. This magazine of dark fantasy fiction and articles occasionally also used poetry. #1 (March '71) included Deidre Farrell's three-verse "escape", a gentle poem of a woman regarded as mad who spends her time "Threading daisies into reins, and smiling / Now and again at her unicorn, who silently waits / By the trees." #3 includes Nick Caffrey's short rhymed "Old Crompton", of an immortal demon of Pendle Heights, David C. Carr's six-line untitled classic of "The nightbird", unknown to the sleepers below, "as are so many things", and the same poet's "The Explanation", free verse couplets depicting attempts to rationalise the horrific: "Vandals. Only vandals would hang a horse from a tree", and so on, an elegant exercise in implicit terror.

CYNIC - edited by Graham (Gray) Boak, Cranleigh, Surrey. #1 (July '70) used poetry by Mike Scantlebury.

DRAGONQUEEN - Gelatine used this one-off title for its second issue. A Tom A. Jones loc, noting that it is "in the tradition of the literature magazine rather than the fanzine", adds that, while "not a fan of poetry" he accepts that "at its best it's the optimum medium for the written word" (curiously including "most of Jorge Luis Borges" as poetry). A considerable number of the poems included are genre-linked, not limited to those on the pages headed "Science Fiction Poetry" and "Space Opera". They include Darlington's "Sacred Sewers of Death Beneath the Obsidian Towers of Fish City" - a night-mare location dominated by "internicide angels", where "the masses are still filing / past the fading metal structures" to "moonlight cages" full of "empty / mouths, and the wheat is full of lice." The editor's prose-poem "The Armageddon Storm", and the poems "The Last Mourning/ Morning of the World" and vividder "Aliens" ("clicking my nails like long black pincers / . kneel in a zig-zag position dangling lower tendrils", with the ironic conclusion "...people don't care for they're ugly and awkward too / SO WE ARE NOT FOUND OUT"), and Sneyd's long "A Ship Too Easy Caught" (dropouts from Earth addicted to watching past events from space

fall victim to piratical space barbarians on a pseudo-religious mission) and "Territorial Imperative" (adulthood-entry ritual among post-civilisation humans) are other instances. **ERG** - edited by Terry Jeeves. In a loc in *Zimri* #6 (p. 65) Jeeves mentioned having used Alan Burns' poem "Radio Telescope", illustrated, in his zine.

FOOL, THE - this publication would be very difficult to define: a philosophy fanzine perhaps gets somewhere near. #1, Dec.'78, used two clearly SFnal poems, Michael Newnman's "The New Advance" and Steve Sneyd's "The Lost Tribes" (in space), while Anthony Watts' "Legend of the Magic Mushroom" is perhaps fringe SF. (As an aside, an indication of the difficulties of definitional boundaries is the case of the Darlington poem "Slits In Aerosol Green", which appeared in 'mainstream' little magazine *Sepia* #1 (July '77), edited by Colin Webb, who disliked SF, then in the US SF magazine *Empire* in March '79, one editor presumably seeing it as contemporary in setting, the other as future-set.)

FOULER - eds. Leroy Kettle and Greg Pickersgill, Haverfordwest. Of the first issue, which was numbered #2, in Sept. '70, *Then* (p. 179) says "full of vulgar poetry and fiction". It is true that this and later issues had scatological verse, mainly credited to co-editor Kettle, but other types of poetry also appear, including portmanteaued wordplay, solipsist mournfulness, and some work which is of genre interest. In this first issue, "Spin" by Richard Barycz uses the ritual of a child's counting game to explore the SOW of encountering the universe: "Spin once and see three sunsets", hearing "the twenty-one centimetre / Dialling tones of the stars". With "Earth / Warm and frail in your palm" spin two brings the "rippled tug / From the firenest of the sun", spin three an encounter with the "Burning sunflower eyes of Andromeda", four is time to "catch / The hem of joined light and shade" before spin five's fatal reentry. Here, also, is a prose poem by Pickersgill, "The Man With Technicolour Eyes", which despite some reliance on over-used fantasy vocabulary, conveys strong mood as the protagonist, "picking his steps with all the care of a heron" exercises his powers on a decaying city to use its vibrations as a transmitter before disappearing as "the spaces between the towers grew closer and clashed soundlessly". One other poem, "Seagulls Scream", is short

freeverse surreal dark fantasy – a courting couple are oblivious at the seaside while "strange beasts" gather to watch them in "engulfing darkness"; they regain awareness of surroundings, post-coitally, "under the devouring eyes of... /... monsters". (As a footnote to this issue, one short realist poem is repeated five times on different pages with in each case a different title, an intriguing experiment of unexplained purpose).

Neither of #3's poems is genre; in the locs of this Oct '70 issue Alastair Noyle calls for more concentration on poetry, Roger Waddington speaks of "too personal a vision to come through clearly", and Pickersgill responds "Even bad poetry is usually a genuine attempt to communicate a feeling or a thought... a person. can usually tell what's good about a piece of his own writing, but finding out what's bad is often very hard, more so with poetry."

#4's poetry is again non-genre, but two of #5's (Mar. '71) are arguably genre tinged at least: Thom S. Penman's "Mourning After" post-end-of-world poem. When "the eternal present finally clocks off, / And gets its anachronistic gold watch / Which doesn't work", into that absence comes, not straight answers, but black comedy – "the sky will hinge away / God (...) reach for the correcting fluid". (A god-figure, Uncle Id "High on a cloud / in a black cat shroud" also occurs in an exclamatory poem credited to Robert P Holdstock – who denies authorship in the next issue). In "As If Morning Never Came", Ritchie Smith uses the Icarus story visually – "My two winged men" amid "ribbons of nightward veils" and "smattering hesitant rain / Is not in your blood, not in this existence". Daedalus, "gull-wheeling" (a phrase criticised by Malcolm Edwards in a loc next issue) comments "Falling! And yet is still my son." The poem continues, past its natural ending, unfortunately. In a loc, Roje Gilbert complains of "hackneyed, romantic rubbish" re the poetry; Pickersgill comments generally of "amateur" poetry: "necessarily limited skills... far better when .. try to convey an image / experience vividly and with economy rather than bind themselves down with artificial constraints .. less rigid and mechanistic." (A tedious rhymed Charles Platt poem, "The Dog That Shat In My Garden " is of interest for the pro author's defense of it two issues later: "The poem you published was printed in an American fairly serious

poetry magazine, and drew two letters from other editors asking for more. It does seem .. that fans prefer that which is serious, romantic, and significant, as opposed to that which is self-satirical.") In #6, June '71, Ritchie Smith's "Keeping On" is dark fantasy in imagery: "a shadow on the sun?", "cold fingers of light around", "Even / the pale dead walk by", though it escapes from the conventionality of the theme into paradoxical strangeness in places – "In .. shroud-handed night / the faces ... / fall into concrete, / fall into the sun" or "I see no distance // All things are close: the iron, the stone" – a kind of mythic realism. Among loc comments, Graham Boak says of a Hall poem "basically quite true but overlaid with a sickening sneer" while Holdstock predicts "The day of the obscure poet is past. They've all become bank clerks." In the final issue, #7, Platt, in the loc already referred to, also denies ever having said that "all poetry not adhering to strict rules of metre, rhyme etc is pointless" although "I might have expressed some kind of preference for formally structured poetry as opposed to very undisciplined verse with no sense of rhythm or structure." The poetry in this last issue has no genre content.

FOUNDATION - In the first issue of the SF Foundation's publication, March '72, George Hay's "Twenty Years On", reprinted from *SF Review* #43, is three 4-line stanzas, lines 2 & 4 etc rhyming, on theme that deadliest enemy is us— "For those who did, naive, believe / OUT was THERE. We know better now."

Foundation #2 included Doug Letts' 150-word, all capitals, computer-generated "HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD!". Its title repeated as a chorus, in effect, its text brusque pulp SFnal phrases, it could be regarded as a prose-poem. The main poem content of this issue, however, is a 12-poem sequence by John Brunner, which appeared there before serving as introductions to each of the 12 sections of his novel *The Sheep Look Up*, published later that year by Harper & Row, depicting the final collapse of tolerable life in advanced countries due to ecological damage. The poems, each a pastiche or parody of verse of earlier styles or eras, ironically praise undesirable actions—for example a medieval king's vast slaughter of wildlife—with titles which point the moral. Most are not particularly memorable, though all are skilful. Three

which do stand out are two 17thC pieces, "The Tick-Tock Men" (humans as trapped within a great clock) —and "Mother-Rapers" (a vivid account of an early foundry), and the horribly convincing triumphalist 19thC missionary hymn. Double-issue #7/8 (Mar '75) was in effect a poetry special, including "The Terrible Children" by Marilyn Hacker, "Six Sijo" by Leonard Isaacs, presenting SF themes using a Korean long-line form, Stanley Trevor's 3-page prose-poem "Continuum", and, perhaps of particular interest, six poems by Jeni Couzyn, four of which drew on Aldiss's fiction. In Couzyn's own words (when the poems were reprinted later that year in her Heinemann collection 'Christmas in Africa') "All the poems take the central language of the story and expand it, treating it in a symbolic way to make my own personal statement." (In the collection they are grouped under the heading "Inside Outside"). "The Moment Eclipses" ("I am consciousness / an accidental surfacing / a tumour under thy skin"), "Marapper the Priest" (from 'Nonstop'): "may we scatter the entrails of the mad captain/ through the length and breadth of the world" (..) "May the ship come home", with its violence of incanted longing, and "What Can We Make To Replace A Man" ("without hands they clank their metal knobs / against each other for comfort / as dawn precisely comes") are particularly powerful. "There are also two non-Aldiss linked poems, "The Giant Sleeps" and "The Cell Attempts To Communicate With The Giant". (Note: poetry used in *Foundation* is among items included in the Science Fiction Foundation Collection handlist 'Poetry Articles', Oct'96).

GLIMPSE - several of the poems in the "POETRY, free verse and other assorted oddments" section of #2 of Paul Hudson's Rickmansworth-based fanzine (May'75) are clearly genre. Darlington's "Journeys Into The Mythical Present" is a Beat-SFnal piece built round four repetitions of "I saw" followed by visions across space, time and alternate realities, where "architects of wonder created machines of mythology", "burning suns explore explicit legends / where the creatures of infinity merge and die", and "shadows on three legs dissolve through twilight". Clive Barratt's 36-line "Poor Phoenix" is a dream poem of the sleeper's cross-time journey in phoenix form to witness scenes of destruction from Rome through Dresden ("I ride the heat wave, coldly..") to the fall to man-made

plague of a future "golden city,/ plastic plazas, spires, arcades" where "playing pinball in the ruin / of a building now unbuilt" he disclaims responsibility, loses "the silver ball and laughing / steal some money from a corpse". Alternate lines of the 4-line stanzas rhyme or part-rhyme.

Phil Hayward's "Shine" looks through the eyes of a spacepilot, his copilot killed and ship irreparably damaged by his reckless, over-close approach to a sun. As "the air ducts / waft ash like down or snow / flakes" he contemplates in wonder how "The planets hang like / painted apples on invisible branches". The same poet's "Curtains" is a powerful picture of nuclear holocaust, again in short free verse stanzas: "the wind coughs continuously", "strontium fountains / flare and growl", while "The arctic's fragile sheet" is "cacked / like an eggshell" and even "The cratered moon lurches / ... like a dead leaf". In *Glimpse*#3, Hayward's "Candles In A Vacuum" is arguably mystical SF – a soul's journey to Earth to be reborn.

INCURABLE, THE - edited by Mark Valentine. V.1#1, June'79, included genre poetry.

ISEILT - to expand a little on this title, #4 under Alan Burns' editorship included Conesa poems, a 12-line Kevin Tumbull poem about rare metals, and the editor's own "Dormouse", from his "Space Ballad" sequence, which Greg Pickersgill quoted sardonically in his review in *Zimri*#6 (p.49) - "...But to take a ship with necrodorm and wake / the sleepers is a fearful risk, you mustn't wake them up too brisk. / Minutely you apply the power, heat banks at one degree an hour. / And when the frozen sleepers stir the vibro units start to purr".

JOY - In *Madcap*#3, when reporting Joan Sharpe of Stockport planned a fanzine, Pete Presford noted she was a "poet/poetry fan". In *Malfunction*#4, '73, Presford implies that at least one issue had appeared, without describing the contents.

JUST FRIENDS - edited by Tom Disch in London, '70. This published by M.J. (ie Michael) Moorcock, under the heading 'Verses Tragic, Dramatic, and Humorous', pieces of juvenilia dated 1952-5. They include the sentimental ("Mother"), the warmongering Heinlein-esque ("The Viking"), "Our Last Stand", and "The Professional Soldier"), all heavily rhymed, all embarrassing to quote, and the gently amusing "Rain" (a nonsense

rhyme), which becomes genuinely surreal at the end: "But soon / The goon/ Will turn/ The worm/ And it will be revealed/ That all the clouds are sealed". (My thanks to John Davey for a copy of these).

KIPPLE - Contrary to the statement in the *Critical Wave* article, one of the poems in #1 is credited, to Dave Wingrove.

"N-tropism" is an intriguing poem of galactic warfare. A disillusioned Earth soldier, his mood summarised in the line "Depleted galaxies and the long sigh of entropy" kills an alien, and finds "xenophobic lust" changing to pity as he experiences the "Hard metal of claws in soft caress / As he falls against me", a "cold embrace" beneath "The mother-ship; cold, austere and beautiful." (The other poem this issue, the non-genre "The Ring", is uncredited). Of the poems in #2 Robert Frazier's nine-line rhymed "The Anomalous Cloud" shows an "Engulfing" of planet and moon "into the Anomalie", resulting in a "stroboscopic sun and the stars like raku", while "mountains deflate to dust / Cities shineturn to rust". Sara Lawrence's "Fathers and Sons", which begins and ends "Like suns that the moon disguises" employs Sfnal/astro-nomical imagery of vacuum and "heat-scarred world" etc to convey the alienation between the generations.

"MAINSTREAM" LITTLE MAGAZINES - without any attempt to exhaustively cover this field, a few examples of Sfnal poems in publications of this type in the '70s will indicate the way such material was, if not prevalent, certainly present well outside the Sfanzone arena: in *Anthology* #2, '71, Sneyd's "A Distant Daughter" (a planet is shrunk / hollowed to a ring stone); in *Forever*, ed. Michael O'Neill, Cottingham, E. Yorks, in #6, March '78, "Peregrine Dreams" by American SF poet Robert Frazier, and Ian McMillan's spaceship landing poem "Skelbrooke As Cradle of Civilisation Joke Poem", and in #7/8 Mark Valentine's Sfnal "Sorry, Wrong Number". *Lily Malone's Patent Remedies* #3 (73) carried Chris Williams' strongly genre "As From Today"- the protagonist's Condenser has caused the world to become an anti-matter one running backward; he himself is still material and promises those about to "be sucked back / into the womb by reversed / anti-matter contractions" that "it won't happen again". In *Ludd's Mill* #3, late '71, Keith Spenser's "Garden of Eden"; in #5, John Arkwright's "LEM" visiverbo poem, and

in #11, Presford's Barsoom sensed from Earth poem "Sometimes Nothing". *Perrine Platform*, in Autumn '73, carried Laurie Stead's "seyfert", the finding of a "warm galaxy" which is "the door to Paradise" and "to winged totality"; and *Smoke* (Liverpool) in #7 ('78) included Mark Valentine's SF "Manilla Form", later reprinted in the *Excello & Bolland Press* anthology 'Askew to Zimmerman'. *Ore*, and *Vole* (Sfnal prose-poetry by editors Chris and Kris Pickles and, in #3 ('72) John Townsend's strongly SF cum mystical poem "Babylon of the Stars" (the essence of a dead man becomes one with the space debris, natural and manmade, of the Solar System) are other instances. *New Hope International* #1 ('78) carried two poems which hover between science and SF in feel, Eleanor Makepiece's "Grand Canyon", seen as the Viking Mars lander would see it ("Desert throws roses back / into the clouds"), and Frederick Vanson's "The Namers", the first christeners of constellations.

MAYA - ed. Ian Williams, Sunderland, (Autumn '70) also included prose-poems by Ritchie Smith, intended as "visual impressions of the music of the Third Ear Band", which are speculative if not directly SF. Linked under the general title "Alchemy", they include "Egyptian Book of the Dead" (a priestess leads dancers while, cross-timewise, there is "dinosaurian trumpeting, from the great lizards only a little out of sight"), "Area Three" (a deserted concrete city or fortress), an Arcadia - "Dragon Lines", and "Lark Rise", a scene (?off-world). "Ribbons of darkness race forever", patterns of "millions of them" on a dry land - "There must be something incredible in the sky, but I cannot look up".

NEOEIL - eds. Brian Williams, Trevor Tyrone and John Quintin Upton-Prowse, Amersham, Bucks. Again a difficult one to define, somewhere between fanzine and little magazine. Mimeo production by Hartley Patterson, who had strong fanzine links. In #4 (70), of the lengthy poetry supplement, Peter Finch's "The Edge of Tomorrow" is a long modern relationship poem, but marginally genre for another instance of cross-timing; again "the dinosaurs roar/ breaking our ears/ with their stupid thunder". Directly Sfnal is Fred Daly's "The Lone Spaceman", reprinted from a collection published by Finch's Second Aeon Press: "your beauty has drawn my ship near (...) What hope is there here for us / amongst years of light (...) flower of the

galaxies / I salute you and pass on". *Neoecil* continued to use poetry till it ceased with #5, late '71.

PARANOID – ed. Ian Maule, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The first issue, April '72, carried a two stanza, 8-line, Pete Colley "Examination Blues", using genre-redolent imagery ("currents of hieroglyphics / flowing like the Nile" and "guide / remote-controlled patterns" to a mechanistic "auto-stop"), and a 4-page, 14 poem, Ian Williams sequence. (The only other poem in this title, in April '73's #4, is a light poem of yearning love). *Then* (p.195) describes the Williams sequence as "curiously lightweight stuff", but a Mary Legg loc in #2 is more perceptive in noting the influence of Ted Hughes' "Crow" on these poems, episodes in a darkly humorous, in effect, pilgrimage of disillusionment by Dwarf. (This Williams persona reappears in later issues, but in prose.) Dwarf, a destructive, absurdist Everyman, survives unscathed by cross, rack, and seduction, complains of his symbolic role "Do you think it's easy (...) each fart an allusion / each breath an allegory / to have a personality limited by a writer's aims", and in the final poem finds a use for a book – he "bit a chunk" "tasty, he said." Among the ironies explored are the role of the hero – encountering an all-conquering Masked Stranger "He was always alone. / Born loser, thought Dwarf" – and the perils of self-revelation: Blake, crying out for heavenly flight, gets the dry response "Crap, said Dwarf, not when your feet are Crows. / Too right, said Crow, dipping his beak into Blake's liver". Dwarf, in turn, performs, drinking "till his belly swelled and exploded / spraying crimson streamers throughout the room / He stood up and draped the streamers around himself" to dance, "swirling crimson about"; the performance wins him a woman who steals his wallet, Dwarf's comment being "It's not good to be alone." Most successfully unified, as expressive poem of parabolic idea, indeed myth remaking in miniature, "Dwarf and The Phoenix" pictures Dwarf in the desert, kicking "at a slithering snake / that tried to reach for shade", pretending not to hear the voice of the burning bush, ignoring "the aged bird / hopping along beside him", despite its apologetic attempts at conversation, until it asks "Shall I immolate myself now and arise free?" Having assisted with the pyre, Dwarf then, "before the resurrection" disrupts the cycle; he "kicks at the ashes,

Scattering them / he looks at the Sun / find your own meaning he says."

SEAGULL - ed. Rosemary Pardoe. Founded '60s, but continued '70s. Used poetry regularly, including work by editor and Darlington. In #6, '70, used Bryn Fortey's "Pathways" (which, like his "Yours and Mine" from *Iseult*#2, '72, was reprinted with others in his Summer '79 Welshpress collection "Just Some Old Fashioned Poetry").

SEMINAR - ed. Trev Goring, Warley, Warks. Review in *Balthus*#1, March'71, describes as mainly comics fanzine, and mentions poetry by Peter Finch, John Hutchinson and Pete Parkin.

SHADOW - #s 18 (Nov '72) and 19 (aka V.3#2, April '73) each include a two-page Gordon Larkin poem in the dream journey tradition of Clark Ashton Smith, respectively "Cosmosis" - lush, blighted beauty, with a final touch of Lovecraftian cosmic fear of the "They" at "edge of time and rim of space" - and "Whither God I", part prose-poemnal, a corpse's dream journey to meet welcoming "Carven images of saintly daemons" that "sang .. to me / Glad songs." In #21 (Aug '74) the same author's DF story "The Rock" uses short poems to introduce each section.

SHADOW PHOENIX, THE - ed. Steve Urbanski, Wolverhampton. #1, Mar '79. Another "borderline case" between fanzine and little magazine. Poetry by editor and others mainly surreal/ speculative.

STARGATE - Eire, 70s. Used poetry.

STARZINE - ed. Andrew Johnson. A loc in #3, '75, from Richard Morrissey in Massachusetts says of the previous issue "The poems and reviews were poems and reviews, that's all".

STOP BREAKING DOWN - ed. Greg Pickersgill. #2, '76, included a humorous rhymed Simone Walsh poem, on the theme of the rush of modern life/food, not really Sfnal but reprinted later in Bryn Fortey's *IKWIL* anthology. Titled "Part Two", with typical lines being "Gone the rainbow trout/ He'd sooner tuna".

TANGENT - in announcing this fanzine in the late 70s, Ian Garbutt said that he planned to use poetry.

TITAN - #2's four Keith Richmond poems included the science fantasy "Elf Princess", its 31 lines giving such images as "eyes // reflecting ships on seas of different times", "upon her silver moons were crests of fire", and a final departure from Earth ("...she, as a

Ofolding flower, turned; / then leapt for the stars and swam the skies again", leaving "An empty shell" that "cracked and died.".)

TRANSYLVANIAN BRAIN SURGERY - eds George Barnett & Graham Pearce, Mytchett, Surrey. Predominantly comics/z fanzine. V.I, #3, winter '74, had two pages of poems, described on the Contents page as 'A spot of culture?'. Of these, "Songs of War - an Aquilonian drinking song", by Charles D. Winstone, is bloodthirsty horror, sung by zombie warriors - "Then the dead men rise / blighting nature's eyes" - while Gary Smith's "Death or Life" is a short poem of an Armageddon in two 5-line stanzas, when "hot tears fell on cracked bones", under the "Cold unseeing eyes" of "The Watcher".

UNISON - ed. Joy Hibbert. '79. Used poetry, a policy continued in her '80s fanzines.

VIRIDIANA - ed. Dave Womack, Hornchurch. The only issue (Mar '90) included poems by the editor.

WADEZINE - #7 ('70) includes Rosemary Pardoe's "There Was Nothing There", a sixteen-line poem which describes a vision of fantasy creatures in original terms, including "unicorn / No bigger than a kitten / .drinking the water / Dripping out of a rusty drainpipe" and "A Phoenix screamed in the / Ecstasy of new life." The issue also contains Kjell Borgstrom's "Vegetarian Wolfpack", in his own translation from the Swedish, which is a prose-poem account, a page long, of an alien species, "three legged", with "hatformed" head, "the eyes .. situated on the rim of the hat, thousands of them", who "communicate by moving the hat, a red membrane .. perpetually being unfolded all along the rim" to "function as flag-signals". This intriguing account concludes "they are the master race...the image of god, the most beautiful thing in the world." A bold attempt to see with eyes free of human prejudice. To expand a little on the description of the same writer's poem "This Is Urlurult", the poem has elements of SF, F, and H entwined, and could be interpreted as a picture of a post-holocaust Earth, or an alien world. The "Icegianteye" who lives under the mountain in his "kingdom of death" avoids the sun but "knows of the stars", his prey has included the last of the "blackgreyhaired inferior ones", "the blackgreenhaired ..governing ..superior ones" and "the triangle-eyed humanoids" in his role as "the last one from the old world / remaining to torment the new world."

Interesting as a rare cross-genre piece.

Tom Penman's "A Long Winter" in the same issue is nuclear holocaust-themed - God has "hands grey as dust", "teeth.../ rocket-shapes", "lies in my bones". Of the two long Ian Williams pieces, "Cancer In The Womb", a fairly obvious description of human destructiveness and self-deception ("used the colours of burning / for destruction with a further view to creation") ends in an Sfnal vision of "The stars ... within my grasp", open to exploitation and destruction: "Call me God".

ZIMRI - It is perhaps relevant to mention that the title of this fanzine has a poetic source, John Dryden's "Zimri: the Duke of Buckingham" ("In the first rank... did Zimri stand, / A man so various that he seemed to be / not one, but all mankind's epitome" is the mock-praising beginning to an account of being "everything by starts and nothing long" (fitting to the diversity of the publication's interests).

In #6, May '74, as well as eight pages of poetry, there is brief editorial mention of the Poetry Soirée organised by the editor at Tynecon '74, and considerable feedback in the loccol on her poetry article in #5. Of the poems, Michael Butterworth's is the long (1½ pages) "Behind His Eyes". In the first part "trylops" regards his wife as a "pathetic animal" whose noises have lasted for " a thousand years", "stares up at the wallpaper/ a thousand / lightyears away" while "his spaceship / . / revolves/ slowly in his mind". In a vision - real or imagined "he is seeing / the universe edge-on" as "a line of black" while "glints of sunlight / come from behind his eyes". The reader is left to speculate whether the poem concerns a powerful alien or a fantasising man, while the poem's second part moves to the first person, for imaginings of sea and shore which in turn lead to a futuristic image - "by/ the stream/ in /side / the black doors ... a dark seed / pod / grows / it flies in the sky!".

The first four parts of Ian Williams' prose-poemnal sequence "The Dreams of Ahasuerus" include the "I's speculations on his immortality, and on its purpose: "Perhaps I am a synthetic creature, a produce of some.. / alien race... to record the growth and / change of homo sapiens" and nature as reflected in ability to physically regenerate: "Once I lost a hand as punishment for stealing. It grew/ back within ten years".

Brian Aldiss, in verse "Reviews of Three Science Fantasies" parodies entertainingly the excesses of the genre – one ends "...all are killed / In the ensuing dis-equilibrium – / Except the marmoset which, mating / With its shadow-sisters, starts / Life in Home Galaxy again". The final payoff to the three is inevitable given marketing conditions: "Methinks there's going to blossom forth a sequel".

ZIMRI #7 (Jan'75) begins the poetry section with a Stefan Themerson quote: "I can well imagine a thoroughly healthy society in which nobody reads poetry. I cannot imagine a healthy society in which nobody writes poetry."

Of the six pages of poetry, Mark Burke's "on both sides of the horizon" plays with the way different parts of our lives are "looking glass country" to each other. "it is an elsewhere that i step from" (into "my working days") "i'm just out on parole". He notes "things are the wrong way round / when i am here. // perhaps that's why i can unleash impossibles, / turning them from your hooks / to eat real grass."

This poem's genre or non-genre nature depends on the horizon of expectation – either way, "the trouble really starts when i get back".

Lisa Conesa in "My Magic Castle on the Enchanted Mountain" examines her creative self in the guise of the castle and the way "it is filled with absurdities / only victims are allowed here." It is a place where the poet "cut bread with words //..the beginning of sacrifice", summed up "when shall I reach the end of / freedom if from Pandora*s box / I took out the best plague / a heart." Sneyd's "A Triumph of Artifice" depicts a frozen mammoth revived by "gibberish-seeming abracadabra /of ions retrace lifeorce" and made profitable by being taught to perform, "pick up pencils with those mighty / tusks and trunk". In a longer Sneyd poem, the full-page "A Toast To Craftsmanship" a drunk uses genre imagery to depict a post- civilisation world where "debased .. survivors .. grimace" at their "reflections (...) in / the last and worshipped parking meter's gleam –" Ian Williams' sequence of poems, "The Dreams of Ahasuerus", continues with parts V to VIII. Parts are near-prose, as Dave Langford notes in a loc, but lines such as "From Draconis to Beta Lyrae to Procyon" (sic) "Centauri / walking the starpaths as casually as I had / once walked the streets of

Corinth", or the final lines "Time swirls around me / and I am lost./ I have no name." (this is just after he has struggled for the names of a flying creature and the prey it carries) are telling in poetic terms. Langford's loc also comments more generally on the use of spacing in poetry: "space-between-words ..a substitute for punctuation ...indicating pauses or stresses of greater or lesser degree – ..finer gradation than ordinary stops? ..vertical spacing ..more positive stressing ..not ..an incommunicable thing. The key is moderation. When words are fragmented .. scattering on the page degenerates to the point of visual confusion.."

Chris Priest, in a review of "Frankenstein Unbound", remarks on Aldiss' "ability to make poetry out of science", and also notes, re the poets of the early 19thC: "romantic in retrospect, [they] were forward-looking, scientific.. The sf writers of the day, if you like."

ZIMRI #8 (Mar-April'76) has six pages of poems, but little of it is in any way genre, although Max Noiprox' "For L" mingles phoenix and 'The Tempest' imagery: "A daughter, you / became a sun (...) a firebird, / have flown whole galaxies / lighting the clay / of legends" in a place "islands away / from common time. (...) (Caliban held court)". In a loc (p.37) Rafi Mohamed argues against giving poems titles: "the poem is .. a total entity, structured and complete.. a title is...an awkward extension ..an incompression of the implied emotion/though. It distracts, it preconditions.."

ZINE - ed. John Hall, Dartford. #2 (Autumn '70) included poems by the editor.

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